

A N
H E R O I C E P I S T L E

T O T H E

REV. RICHARD WATSON, D.D. F.R.S.

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A N
H E R O I C E P I S T L E

TO THE

REV. RICHARD WATSON, D.D. F.R.S.

K
ARCHDEACON OF ELY,

L A T E

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY,

N O W

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Enriched with elaborate Notes, and very learned REFERENCES.

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WE would not advise any man to peruse the following remarks, who is unacquainted with the overweening conceit of authors, lest he should with indignation condemn the Epistle unread, and its composer unknown to that place, whither the productions of modern wit are daily hastening: for in these degenerate times, "Satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango. HOR.

MARTIN. SCRIBLERUS.

I debated a considerable time with myself whether I should prefix any *Advertisement* to this Epistle: the highest authority in matters of this nature pleaded powerfully for it; my abhorrence of servile imitation militated no less strongly against its admission. Because MACGREGGOR found it indispensably necessary to inform the public of his Hero Sir William's performance, which they had either forgotten or never read; the same necessity forsooth was supposed to pervade every class of Epistolary Poets. I would except the author of the elegant Epistle from *Donna Teresa* to

R. Twiss,

R. Twiss, Esq. &c. which will continue to be read by *the few*, on whose ear the charms of harmonious versification yet vibrate. In me I own this *Advertisement* is wholly superfluous; as my Hero's works are in the hands of all the world: works, which under the auspices of KENNET and the respectable Chamber* of London, are now "flying all abroad, as far as waters roll and "as winds can waft them." For should this Epistle visit those once happy climates, in which the wrinkled front of unnatural war now frowns on the tranquil occupation of the muse; my Hero's *Transatlantic Brethren* would stretch forth their palms with more than † Anchisean alacrity, acknowledge their well-known Defender, and call down ‡ "*Blessing from Smith, and "Honour from Washington,*" on my unlaurelled head, which first devised this *honourable* testimony to the Doctor's deserts..

It was also with some reluctance that I consented to the title of *Heroic Epistle*; as Macgreggor's seemed to possess the divine magic of an Aaron's rod. But I found this argument weak: if

* It is needless to mention a late deputation sent to Cambridge. See the public papers. The Common Council seemed to think a *denarius* a proper price for the Doctor's late Sermon on the Fast, Feb. 4, 1780; others fix'd on an *obolus*; but the Doctor in all the dignity of wig and words declared, that "*he would not agree with them for a penny.*" Facts are stubborn things.

† — Alacris palmas utraque tetendit, &c. Virg. *Æn.* 6, 685.

‡ See the Doctor's Sermon as above, p. 15.

Horace

Horace stil'd his compositions *Satires*; Juvenal and the disciple of Cornutus did the same; Boileau and Pope, who caught their mantle, gave also to their unperishing works the same *lineal* title. For my part, I well know the influence that the very *name* of a composition has upon the generality: one sound will glide trippingly off the tongue; another is common and displeases a fastidious ear: "What always in Heroics?" says my Lord Fanny; while my Lady calls to his remembrance the Ovidian Dido, and the Lesbian Maid's expostulation with Phaon. But a truce to trifles: my principal leading motive in stiling this Epistle *Heroic* was to pay a proper tribute to a highly-favour'd son of Phoebus: to inculcate deeply in the minds of careless observers that true Poetry will burst forth though obscured by accidental topical circumstance; that latest times will feel it's eternal nature; that, though Colley and Dennis have long ceased to furnish the *materiem risus*, yet the *Dunciad* will still live; and though Kien-Long may repose inglorious on couches of Camusathkin down in the gardens of Yven-Ming, and Sir William * himself be buried in the ruins of the antique House of Somerset; yet the

* I am happy to find that Sir William Chambers has changed the object of his thoughts from Oriental Gardening to British Architecture; of which he has indeed raised a noble monument to his country's honour and his own in the magnificent and elegant structure on the ancient site of Somerset House. *Picturas et dædala signa polire.*

name of *His Bard* will still be had in remembrance, and flourish immortal while the English Muse shall possess her lawful rights. Multum et veræ gloriæ quamvis uno libro meruit. "On motives like these I, in my degree, have attempted, in this barren remnant of an age early adorned with the flower of British Genius, to tread the solitary path, atque unum civem donare Sybillæ. For though I have no superbia quæsitæ meritis, my vanity leads me to think some indulgent reader may look propitiously on me; and should some un-latin'd genuine Englishman enquire of that reader the meaning of the above verse of the Roman Satyrist, my ambition prompts me to hope, he may reply with some warmth of the author of this Epistle,

"He gives Macgreggor one true Brother more."

But after all, in Doctor Johnson's own words, "I dismiss it "with frigid tranquillity;" and though I cannot absolutely say with Mason * that "my years mature have learnt to flight the "toy of worldly applause;" yet can I join in opinion most cordially with Horace,

Valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

* *English Garden*, b. i. v. 32.

A N HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

TH O U, that with theologic glory crown'd,
 With Granta's hallow'd tiar circled round,
 Survey'st aloft in professorial chair
 The storms engendred in politic air;
 Tho' veil'd in clouded majesty, thy rays
 Still dart too lustrous for the vulgar gaze;

5

Thee

Verse 1. Satan's Address to the Sun in the 4th Book of *Paradise Lost*,

"O Thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd," &c.

V. 2. The tiara was worn by the priests as well as the kings of Persia.

V. 5. The author of this Epistle, falsely styled Heroic, is here to be charged with metaphorical inconstitence: *clouded majesty* is appropriated to the moon.

See MILT. lib. 4.

"———The moon

"Rising in *clouded majesty*."

Which Mr. Pope has so admirably and judiciously imitated in the 1st Book of the *Dunciad*, v. 45.

"In *clouded majesty* here Dullness shone."

Which

Thee I approach! tho' Dukes before thy shrine
With mitred Fathers in prostration join.

Oh, while my muse essays th' aspiring theme,
With temper'd radiance on her labours beam;

Left she thy fierce meridian fervors mourn,
And, like the Persian, shou'd adore—but burn.

Nor thou o'erlook, with supercilious frown
This humble tribute of a bard unknown;

For such the temper of these hapless times,
Fools only trust their titles with their rhymes;

Proud of some little fame, whate'er it be,
Knight, or Esquire, A. M. or L. L. D.

Which cannot be applied in *this* place. Even supposing the author (whom we hallucinate to be some temerarious youth) meant to allude to Mr. Bayes, who has, with a *curious felicity*, introduced the sun and moon dancing together in the celebrated Rehearfal—nevertheless he ought to have known that such allusions are infinitely below the dignity of a poem, professedly of an heroic nature.

Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam

Viribus.

HOR.

MARTIN. SCRIBLERUS.

"I say nothing; but this I will say;" that notwithstanding so *grave* an authority, I am of opinion, many of my readers may yet think the subject a *res lecta potenter*, and may approve of my having followed Horace's advice in advancing matters in the course of this epistle, *jam nunc debentia dici*.

V. 12. Où le Perse est brûlé de l'astre qu'il adore. BOILEAU, Ep. 5. v. 50.

V. 18. Vide, if they be extant, Poems, by Sir William Browne, Knight—Poetical Reveries, by Jacob Mountain, M. A.—Poems, by James Marriott, L. L. D. &c.—in short the whole genus irritabile, that *provoke* their fate.

Fir'd

Fir'd with his country's wrongs, when JUNIUS hurl'd
 His patriot thunder o'er a courtier world;
 When, with each meaner, pension'd, minion lord
 Thy Grafton trembled at his fiscal board;
 A Roman own'd the more than Roman strain—
 But Draper's well-meant signature was vain.
 MACGREGGOR bade Sir William's deathless name
 Stand aye recorded in the rolls of Fame;

For

V. 24. Junius, in his first letter to Sir William Draper, K. B. writes thus; "I
 " approve of the *spirit* with which you have given your name to the public, and if
 " it were a proof of any thing but *spirit*, I should have thought myself bound to
 " follow your example."—Hence the epithet *well-meant*. Junius adds, "I should
 " have hoped that even *my* name might carry some authority with it, if I had not
 " seen how very little weight or consideration a printed paper receives even from the
 " respectable signature of Sir William Draper."—It is something singular, that *Sir*
William Draper, and *Sir William* Chambers should have attracted the notice of
 perhaps the first prose-writer, and the first poet (if we except Mr. Gray) of this cen-
 tury; who are both conceal'd in impenetrable darkness, notwithstanding the sagacious
 discoveries of modern coxcombs or conoscianti, who, as Pope says, "Know all authors
 " by their style."

V. 25. As the immortal author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers,
 Knight, Comptroller of his Majesty's Board of Works, &c.—The Heroic Postscript
 to the public, (which

—To greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrate on the SOVEREIGN's ear.

POPE, Prol. to Sat. 356.)

has thought proper that the appellation of Macgreggor should stand for the umbra

B

of

For Him, for Yven-ming, and sage Li-Tsong,
 Pour'd the full tide of energetic song;
 Struck with a magic hand the genuine chords,
 Gave strength to wit, and thrilling power to words. 30

Yet think not here, with undiscerning rage
 I'd tear each honest author from his page.
 When late the woe-begone Britannia mourn'd,
 And saw her Roscius "quietly inurn'd;"
 Of all her sons, rose SHERIDAN alone! 35
 He spoke a Nation's feelings in his own;

of his real name, it is here given to him: whatever *that* be, I would address him or Junius in the words of the great satiric poet——

Salve, Getulice, seu tu
 Silanus, quocunque alio de sanguine rarus
 Civis, et egregius patriæ descendis ovanti!

JUV. Sat. 8, v. 26.

V. 35. I would not open afresh the bleeding wounds of my country, by recalling the sad remembrance of this melancholy event; but justice requires a tribute to transcendent merit: for by his nervous, elegant, and pathetic *Monody* on the death of David Garrick, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, though the acknowledged son of Congreve and Thalia, has proved that he can boast also of a near alliance to Melpomene: though his epilogue to the tragedy of Semiramis had already convinced the public of that. The reader of taste will thank me for referring him to this composition.

V. 36. This verse conveys a very different meaning from Mr. Pope's celebrated lines:

Then might I sing without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be *the Nation's sense*.

Epil. to the Satires, Dial. 1. v. 77.

Hung

Hung the poetic tablet on his hearse,
 Stood forth confest, and dignified the verse,

But lighter themes a lighter care demand,
 Nor asks each subject for a finish'd hand. 40
 When *Fashion's* motley *Wreath* young T-ck-l wove,
 And vied with Gloster's dean for Tucker's love ;
 Tho' keen the sense, and musical the lays,
 He fear'd t' *anticipate* his future praise.

Me, tho' no fortune gilds, no genius fires, 45
 Nor Brinsley's wit, nor Greggor's muse inspires ;
 Tho', nor the Polar, nor great Brunswick's star
 Guide my lone course ypointing from afar ;

V. 41. Alluding to the elegant poems entitled *The Wreath of Fashion*, and *The Project*, addressed to Dean Tucker ; though every one well knows that the Dean was so taken up with *his own*, as scarce to admit of any rivalry. It is here insinuated that Sheridan, and the author of *Anticipation*, acted with equal propriety, the one, in giving his name to the public, the other, in with-holding it from these primitæ of his muse ; which, though they may not have received a *finisbed hand*, yet bear the strong impress of real genius. From writers like these I am obliged to make a very *unnatural* transition to myself and my hero.

V. 47. It must be confessed that Macgreggor has an infinite advantage over me in this respect : his hero Sir William is a knight of the Polar star, Comptroller of his Majesty's works, which, though hid from the world, as all good works should be, according to Mr. Burke's ingenious observation ; he however derives from them the royal favour. His interest with Kien-Long Emperor of China, he abundantly proved
 in

'Tho' round *my* Richard's temples lambent play
 No beams from Britain's king, or rich Cathay; 50
 Yet will I burst my chain, in prudence' spite,
 And dare assert my long-neglected right.
 Heavens! can I view indignant, yet supine,
 E'en snuffy Pinchy rais'd to heights divine?
 Say, shall Sir William's bard, well-bronz'd Shebbeare,
 Ring in the fragment of thy Tory ear 56

in his Dissertation on Oriental Gardening—The concentrated lustre of these Monarchs, even without that of Sir William himself, would, as Pope says,

—Guard the verse, and sanctify the line,
 And make immortal verse as mean as mine.

But not to me belongs this privilege, I must be satisfied with the glory that darts from my Professor alone, which I have described with such force and energy in the sublime lines that open this Epistle.—It were to be wished that Sir William would exert his interest with his great Oriental Patron, to assist his distressed British Sovereign in this hour of need: though, should he be unsuccessful, it is to be hoped that the Minister would just *hint* to the East India Company, that it would be *generous* in them to supply that deficiency *on an ensuing occasion*.

V. 50. Cathay—ancient name of China—"Seat of Cathaian Can. MILT. l. 11.

See also Bryant's Mythology, vol. 3. of the Dispersion of the Cushim, who

"Wander'd many a famous realm

"And country, whereof here needs no account." MILT. l. 4.

V. 52. Συνδικον Μοισᾶν κλεινον. PIND. PYTH. 1.

V. 54. See Macgreggor's ode to Mr. Pinchbeck on his Patent-snuffers, and the epistle to Dr. Shebbeare, in which, especially at the close, his song does indeed "roll in deep-ton'd energy."

V. 56. Fragmentum est pars rei fractæ. ULPIAN.

V. id. Οὐλως ἡκανλος ὁ λογος ενδυνειται εις τα ωτα. PLATO MENEX.

Though the Doctor S.'s are rather *ωλια*, diminut. ab *ως*. Vid. Scap. Lexic.—It is hoped

His studied pomp of phrase and accents big?
 Rise, muse, and vindicate the *Christian Whig*!
 The Proteus Hill shone forth in Churchill's line:
 The Proteus WATSON shall illumine mine. 60

How shall I trace thee, various as thou art,
 Thro' all the windings of thy head and heart?
 How shall I stile thee, in this laggard age,
 Chemist, Archdeacon, or Professor sage?

hoped no one will be offended with the imitation of this passage in a celebrated ancient, though Greek, when it is remembered that the ingenious Abbé du Bos has said, "Les Lecteurs retrouvent avec plaisir, *sous une nouvelle forme* la pensée qui leur plût autrefois *en Latin*." This observation may be extended to celebrated modern authors. Reflex. sur la Poés. & la Peint. vol. 2. p. 80.

V. 58. Accidentally stepping into a bookseller's shop in London, I heard a gentleman enquire for "Letters to Sir George Savile, Baronet, by a Christian Whig," said to be written by Dr. Watson of Cambridge. Though the Doctor's sermon on the principles of the Revolution would abundantly justify me in giving him this honourable appellation, without this anecdote.

V. 59. I shall transcribe from the Rosciad the character of this extraordinary man, Doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill.

The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea;
 "Let favour speak for others, worth for me."
 For who like him his various powers cou'd call
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
 Who cou'd so nobly grace the motley list,
 Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist? V. 107.

Thee, fire, air, earth, thy ministers, obey, 65
 And own reluctant thy arch-chemic sway :
 Thro' church, thro' state, in halcyon calm or storm,
 Thou "runn'st perpetual circle multiform."
 'Tis thus in Burke's unequall'd page we find
 The British Sov'reign shifting like the wind : 70
 Full-orb'd at first, o'er James's favour'd ground,
 His undivided glory spreads around ;

V. 68. Air and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform.

PARAD. LOST. b. 5. v. 180.

V. 69. Speech of Edmund Burke, Esquire, on the 11th Feb. 1780—Page 21.
 He observes that the government of England is not a *Monarchy* in strictness, but a
 strange sort of *Pentarchy*—Page 22. He says, "Cross a brook and you lose the king
 " of England ; but you have some comfort in coming again under his majesty, though
 " shorn of his beams," and no more than *Prince of Wales*. Go to the North, you
 " find him dwindled to a *Duke of Lancaster* ; turn to the West of that North, and he
 " pops upon you in the humble character of the *Earl of Chester*. Travel a few miles on
 " the *Earl of Chester* disappears, and the king surprises you again as *Count Palatine*
 " of *Lancaster*. If you travel beyond Mount Edgecombe, you find him once more in
 " his incognito, and he is *Duke of Cornwall*." In this justly celebrated speech, Mr. B.
 has united the wit of Lucian, the energy of Demosthenes, and the copiousness of
 Cicero. This extract is rendered with as much fidelity as the nature of prose and
 verse will admit, and Mr. B.'s words are religiously preserved whenever they gave
 force to the lines ; though it is hoped not with the same species of religion that
 prompted the great Milton to preserve the very words of the vulgar translation of the
 Psalms, when he undertook to versify the productions of King David.

Salvatiſſus potuit contemnere, ſi ſic

Omnia dixiſſet.—

" Shorn

" Shorn of his beams," on Snowdon's misty height,
 The *Prince of Gallia* meets the wond'ring sight;
 Dwindled and shrivell'd in the northern air, 75
 Behold him next a *Duke of Lancaster*!
 Westward proceed—that character he drops,
 And on your steps the *Earl of Cestria* pops:
 Again he rises as *Lancastria's Count*;
 But when the pilgrim winds o'er Edgecombe's Mount, 80
 The King, the Count, the Earl—all disappear,
 And *Cornwall's Duke* concludes the strange career!

When first your name adorn'd the college-roll,
 A generous ardour seiz'd your opening soul:
 From paths severe, by honest fame inspir'd, 85
 No pleasure lur'd you, and no labour tir'd;
 Calm, tho' aspiring, eager, and yet cool;
 " Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full:"
 While you with Julian impetus prest on,
 Science in vain oppos'd her Rubicon. 90

V. 83. Hitherto I have addressed the Doctor under the distant title of *Thou*: but as I have now made a more intimate acquaintance with him, and as it is the property of familiarity to lessen awful respect, I shall venture to use the word *You* from hence to the end of the Epistle.

V. 85. No man was ever more intimately convinced of the truth of the following deep, though seemingly common observation than the Doctor:

Your judgment with the lunar influence vied,
 Temp'ring below your learning's mighty tide.
 You, their Cornutus, *purpled* youth address,
 And funk well-pleas'd in your Socratic breast;
 Majestic Henry glanc'd propitious down,
 And lily'd Edward blest'd the peaceful gown. 95

When Chemia claim'd your philosophic aid,
 You deftly ply'd th' unutterable trade;
 Scann'd her defects, and with a Bacon's skill
 Wielded the massy elements at will. 100

Ce n'est que dans la premiere jeunesse qu'on est doué de cette attention infatigable qui creuse jusqu' aux premiers principes d'un art ou d'une science: verité importante, dont l'ignorance arrête souvent le génie dans sa course, & s'oppose aux progrès des sciences. HELVET. de l'Esprit, Disc. 4. ch. 16.

V. 93. The doctor was appointed one of the Tutors of Trinity College, which respectable office he filled with exemplary diligence and ability—The undergraduates of that college wear *purple* gowns.

V. 95, and 96. Edward the Third gave the old foundation of Trinity College, and Henry the Eighth enriched and enlarged it.

V. 97. Dr. Watson was now chosen Professor of Chemistry; the University still laments her Marcellus in that science; "O just beheld and lost, admir'd and mourn'd!"

V. 98. A chemist at his furnace, to the eye of an ignorant beholder, may resemble one of the witches at the cauldron in Macbeth—"How is't, you secret, black, and midnight hags—What is't you do? A deed without a name.——"

Nature

Nature invites :—to caverns deep you hied,
 And pierc'd the tracts to mortal ken denied :
 Fearless, alone, thro' Cornwall's mineral night,
 Your professorial vans you spread for flight ;
 There, with insatiate, jealous eyes explore 105
 Each crude consistence and metallic ore :
 When lo! escap'd from that obscure sojourn,
 The grimy circle hail your safe return ;
 Eager they press, they shout, they stare, they gape,
 And view a Watson, as we view an ape ! 110

" Our

V. 102. Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep *traff* of hell. MILT.

V. 103. Alluding to the doctor's journey to the mines in Cornwall and Westmoreland.

V. 104. ——— At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight. MILT. P. LOST, b. 2. v. 927.

Compare the arch-apostate's voyage through Chaos.

V. 108. The grimy circle—what Rabelais would call "une grande Diablerie à beaucoup de personages."

V. 109. There the press, and there the din ;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore,
 Echoing to the (*Doctor's*) roar. GRAY.

110. The late learned Bishop of Gloster in a note on that well-known line of Mr. Pope,

And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape,

manifests a most affectionate concern for Sir Isaac's fame, and, by a singular species of demonstration, has shewn wherein the beauty of the thought consists ; seeming

D

however

" Our auricles percuss'd by fame fonorous,
 " Your mirabundous acts had brought before us,"
 When Granta call'd you to her calm retreats,
 Nigh founder'd in such subterranean feats.
 Your o'erfraught breast now labour'd with its store :
 With novel truths, scarce faintly guess'd before,
 Enlarg'd your Chemia's ancient narrow bounds,
 And *added length* to vulgar English sounds ;

115

however to hint that Mr. Pope might have compared him to some *more decent* animal, particularly *the half-reasoning elephant*, which, as well on account of this its superiority, as from *its having no ridiculous side* like the ape, *on which it could be viewed*, seems better to have deserved this honour. However we may agree with the Bishop in regard to Newton ; I believe, even my lords the judges would laugh and allow the case to be alter'd when the Doctor is respondent—*Solventur rifu tabulæ.* HOR.

V. 111. *Quidnam igitur tenerum, et laxâ cervice legendum?* PERS. Sat. 1.

V. ib. See L'Épître du Limousin, grand excoïateur de la Lingue Latiale in Rabelais, beginning

Aucuns venans de tes lares patries,
 Nos aures ont de tes noves remplies, &c.

V. 114. Nigh-founder'd, on, he fares. MILT. b. 2. v. 940.

V. 116. Alluding to the Doctor's most ingenious Essay on the subjects of Chemistry, in which he has pursued some hints given by Buffon with singular penetration and abilities.

V. 118. Even before this Essay, or any of the Doctor's prose-writing (for as yet we have seen nothing of his poetry) appeared, did Johnson venture to assert this truth ; " I believe, that whoever knows the *English* tongue in its *present extent*, will be " able to express his thoughts without help from other nations." RAMBLER, N° 208. *Quid si vidisset, &c.*—though indeed he had seen *his own*.

Nor rested here ; but at your magic glance,
 From either Zone portentous forms advance ! 120
 Caffres with apron-bellies from the Cape,
 Moon-ey'd Albinos, and of dreaded shape

The

V. 120 & 121. Tum vero in numerum *faunosque ferasque* videres

Ludere. VIRG. that is,

" The apron-bellied Caffre of the Cape, the woolly-headed negro of Africa, the
 " beardless savage of America, the moon-ey'd Albino, the Orang-Outang of the woods
 " of Java," (and, lest he should want a page, the Doctor in the true spirit of chivalry
 as a preux et courtois chevalier, introduces one, led probably by his *outlandish* Esquire,
 or Groome of evil guise, J-h-n S-m-nds, L. L. D.—P. M. H. viz.) " the dwarfish inha-
 " bitant of the Frigid Zone," &c. (See page 43 of the Essay on Chemistry) which
 the reader may be induced to think, what the Doctor calls (Page 11, of the same
 Essay) a " Multiplicatio Entium præter necessitatem." In short

Ciò che di mostruoso e di feroce

Erra fra il Nilo, e i termini d'Atlante,

Par qui tutto raccolto.

TASSO, l. 15. Stan. 51.

V. 119 to 126. inclus. " C'est précisément *par ces details* que la poesie charme les
 " hommes." VOLTAIRE, Essai sur la Poesie Epique, ch. 2. edit. 1771.

We here stand enmarvail'd of the versatile fecundity of the great professor; whose
 eye rolling in such a fine phrenzy could glance from the Thames to the Ohio, from
 Indus to the Pole; and whose genius could body forth such *specious miracles*, which
 neither Aristotle in his admirable Treatise *περί ζωνν*, nor Pliny, nor Solinus, nor Plo-
 tius in his book *de inenarrabilibus*, with all their anthropophagi, læstrigons, &c. ever
 had a glimpse of, or could even divine; and that after all he should be able, with
 more than a poet's pen, to give them, what otherwise they probably would have
 wanted, a local habitation in his immortal Essay. Non fumum ex fulgore, &c.

We have no doubt but that the Professor's father view'd him in his early years with
 the same species of admiration, that the great *Grangousier* beheld his renowned off-
 spring *Gargantua*, when he cried out in prophetic rapture; " Je connois que son
 entendement

The Orang-Outang stalks from Java's woods,
 With dwarfs that quake on Zembla's frozen floods;
 The goodly groupe grin round with mutual stare, 125
 And wonder who the devil brought them there!

Change, change the notes: with solemn strains and flow,
 In diapason let the numbers flow!
 He comes! He comes! the ermin'd robe prepare,
 And high exalt him in the mystic chair! 130

entendement participe *de quelque Divinité*; tant je le vois soubtil aigu, profond,
 & serain: il parviendra à degré souverain de sapience." RAB. I. I. c. 14.

MART. SCRIBLERUS.

V. 126. And wonder who the devil brought them there.—This, beyond any possibility of doubt, is taken from the celebrated simile relating to Sir John Pringle, Baronet, in the Heroic Postscript to the Public, by Malcom Macgreggor, Esquire.

MART. SCRIBL.

I am inclined to think the author of that Postscript will readily acquit me of this scriblerian charge; and when he considers the *series* and *junctura* above, will candidly acknowledge

Quantum de medio sumptis accedat honoris.

V. 127. This verse and the following are meant to express the solemn march of the professor to his chair of state, preceded by—a couple of beadles. I regret that the nature of poetry will not allow me in this place to introduce an Alexandrine, which “like a wounded snake (or our professor) might drag its slow length along.”

V. 129. Though according to old Lilly, and probably, according to the Doctor, the first person be more worthy than the second, and the second than the third, yet I have ventured in this place to use the third, as I thought the pomp and dignity of the subject required it.

V. 130. Though through the course of this Epistle I have stiled my hero Doctor, yet it was not till this period (1771) that he was created Doctor in Divinity by royal mandate, and elected Regius Professor of Divinity in the University.

With

With should'ring haste see gown'd Impatience throng—
 Hark! o'er the dome what thunder rolls along!
 While from his lips in theologic fume
 Verbocinations Latial despume.
 Hear from thy moth-worn case, Aquinas, hear, 135
 Thy long-lost Latin drink with greedy ear:
 Bright Scotus calls, and flutt'ring thro' the schools,
 Dim metaphysic forms wave high their dusky cowl!

But

V. 134. Translated verbatim from the Limousin's Speech in Rabelais, ch. 6. b. 2.
 "Nous desfumons la verbocination Latiale."—à quoi Pantagruel dit, que diable de langage est ceci? Par dieu, tu es quelque heretique.

To this may be added, "La Harangue de Maître Janotus de Bragmardo faite à "Gargantua"—Verum enim vero, quandoquidem, dubio procul, ædepol, quoniam, ita certè medius fidius, &c. &c. RAB. l. i. c. 19.

V. 135. Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear. GRAY.

V. 136. By this it is to be understood, that though the Professor has with infinite propriety and good sense banished from the schools the unmeaning jargon about predestination, &c. &c. yet he has, without the same propriety, revived in *propria persona* the Latin which was formerly spoken by such heroes, as Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus:

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
 Augustus Cæsar, divum genus, aurea condet
 Secula qui rursus Latio.

VIRG. ÆN. 6.

It is possible our Divinity Professor may be of the same opinion with Doctor Hafen-muss (or Potage de Marmite) who in an Epistle to Ortuinus, doubts, an sit necessarium ad æternam salutem, ut scholares discant Grammaticam ex *Sæcularibus*, sicut est *Tullius*, &c. &c. V. Epist. Obscur. Viror.

V. 137. Ως ὅτε Νηλεΐδης μυχῷ ἀνδρὸς θεογενεσίου
 Τριχῶσαι πολεόντων.

HOM. Odyss. l. 24. v. 6.

E

It

But why should you be deeply cogitating
 Our State's naufrageous and periclitating? 140
 Tho' hush'd in grim repose, with bristled hair,
 Old England's Lion couches in his lair;
 She smiles, my Richard, with undaunted heart,
 While you so nobly play her Lion's part;

“ Rend

It is to be remembered that I speak *Greek* to the King's Professor of Divinity——
 Ένας, ένας εφε Γεγονος.—By the *αἱρον θεολογικον* are meant the Divinity Schools.

V. 139. I resume the second person notwithstanding the *important* part the Doctor is to play in the following lines—I had indeed intended that the whole political career of the Doctor should have been adorned by my Poetry, from the time when un-biassed by party he declared in his admirable Affize Sermon, March 9, 1769, that, “The Legislative Power was far too high to be subject to the controul of giddy Individuals, seditious Corporations, or disobedient Colonies,” to the period when he published his late celebrated Sermon on the Fast, Feb. 4, 1780, and turned Committeeman. But I have been unfortunately forestalled by the hand of a master. See Letter to Doctor Watson, printed for T. Cadell.

I would just hint a remark of the celebrated Helvetius; A-t-on atteint l'age de *trente-cinq ans*? on ne fera point alors d'un grand Géometre un grand Poete; un grand Chymiste d'un grand Politique. De l'Esprit, Disc. 4. c. 16.

The Doctor knows the converse of many propositions to be true; he will *feel* the converse of *this last* to be so.

V. 142. “Let her (France) beware:—the Lion of England is not yet roused.”—the Doctor's Fast Sermon, p. 6.

V. 144. “Let *me* play the Lion; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good “to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the *Duke* say, Let him roar again; let “him roar again.—If you should do it too terribly, you would frighten the *Duchess*.”

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I. S. 4.

Rabelais

" Rend with tremendous found our ears afunder" 145
 With France, Spain, Ireland, and Canadian thunder :
 But should *the Duke* enraptur'd bid you roar
 In louder rattling accents than before ;
 Yet ah ! relent—those rumbling words may tear
 The tender labyrinth of soft *Wrottesley's* ear ! 150

Attend, e'er yet too late, Discretion's voice ;
 That Gospel first you chose, be still your choice :

Rabelais has the following problem, lib. 1. ch. 10. " Alexandre Aphrodisée a
 " réputé ce probleme insoluble. Pourquoi le *Lion*, qui de son seul cry et rugissement
 " épouvante tous les animaux, seulement craint et revere le *coq blanc* ?" Judicent
 Eruditi. Davus fum, non Œdipus.

V. 145. " What like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
 " With *Arms*, and *George*, and *Brunswick* croud the verse ?"

Rend with, &c. &c.

POPE'S Imit. of Hor. Sat. 1. v. 23.

—There are some Conostenti who have pretended to discover some similarity between
 Sir Richard Blackmore's Verse, and Doctor Richard Watson's Prose. Pretensions to
 sagacity will never cease; though there are few who will *pretend* that the Doctor is
 peculiarly attached to George or Brunswick mentioned in the second verse.

V. 150. As I am not skilled in genealogies, marriages, divorces, &c. I am obliged
 to have recourse to *Junius*, who informs me that " the D. of G. has travelled through
 " every sign of the Political Zodiac, from the Scorpion in which he stung Lord Chat-
 " ham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the House of Bloomsbury." Junius adds in a
 note, " that his Grace lately married Miss Wrottesley, neice of the good *Gertrude*,
 Ducheſs of Bedford."

JUNIUS's Letters, lett. 12. vol. 1. p. 80. Woodfall's edit.

V. 151. Mais à l'ambition opposer la prudence,

C'est aux prélats de cour prêcher la résidence.

BOILEAU, Ep. 1.

Then from your high-rai'd throne energetic call
 To penitence and faith with fainted Paul ;
 The state to Edmund leave, who knows the ground ; 155
 Left deeds like yours Fame's postern trump should sound.
 The chiefs of willow'd Academe survey ;
 How each one plan pursues, one constant way.
 See Tully's fire from Granta's Ulpian breaks,
 And Celsus still in aged Plumtree speaks : 160
 Mark cloister'd Gl—n, with well-extended foot,
 Wrapt up in Rowley and his red furtout ;

Nor

V. 156. Hudibras thus describes Fame's trumpets.

" She blows not both with the same wind,

" But one before, and one behind :

" And therefore modern authors name

" One good and t'other evil fame."—Part 2. c. 1.

V. 158. The chiefs, &c. Not having the *Red-book* with me I cannot recollect any learned chief of a college, except the Bishop of Carlisle, Master of Peter-house.

V. 159 and 160. Samuel Hallifax, D. D. &c. King's Professor of Civil Law, and Russel Plumtree, M. D.—of Physic: both, as Quintilian says, "*diverso elocutionis genere laudem pene parem consecuti.*"

V. 161. This amiable, generous, and very learned Physician is supposed by many to understand thoroughly the disputed subject of Rowley's Poems—*Tros Rutulufve*, the same to me—but his professional character is such as justly intitles him the *ἀγαπῆτος ἰατρός*,—*Ante alios dilectus Iapis.*

V. 162. Red Surtout—As we are happy to bestow applause where it is due, we take this opportunity of approving our author's propriety in observing the *Costumi*. All
 Phy-

Nor George, nor North, nor Fox, his cares engage,

But P—r—y's *roll*, and Warton's *glossing* page;

While Atwood dares the philosophic war;

165

"His spear a sun-beam, and his shield a star."

Physicians from the days of Chaucer, nay from time immemorial, have had an exclusive right to the red or scarlet gown:

—"In *sanguine* & in *perse* he clad was all."

CHAUCER, Prol. to Cant. Tales.

and more explicitly in another place,

Doctor of physick in *his scarlet gown*;

which place we forbear to specify because it does not occur to our thoughts at present.

We remark also with pleasure that he has distinguished with accuracy between the *Toga* and *Tunica*: the word *Surtout* evidently implying the former; as the *Toga* seems to have been of a semicircular form without sleeves (Vid. Ferrar. de re Vestiar. l. 1.) with a sort of cincture (minutely described by Quintilian) *qui sub humero dextro ad sinistrum oblique ducebatur, velut balteus, neque strangulat, &c.* Instit. Orat. l. 1. c. 3.

MARTIN. SCRIB.

V. 164. In my remote situation from the world I must be contented to be supplied with information from the few books in my study, and the conversation of a learned friend who drops in now and then: he informed me that there was in the possession of this gentleman (Dr. P—) a sort of green or red roll relating to Rowley or Chatterton; Warton, I think, says *yellow* (but I can hardly credit him on the subject) however, *quisquis erit color, albus an ater*, perhaps it may be of the nature of a *cameleon*, which changes its colour according to its own convenience, *and eludes the most vigilant search.*

V. ib. "Is this the paradise on which so much *glossing* and *deceiving eloquence* has "been spent?"

HOOKE.

V. 165. This aspiring young man, GEORGE ATWOOD, M. A. was represented to me as a sort of *Romanorum ultimus* in the university: the effulgence of whose philosophic genius gave splendor to an institution perhaps almost expiring; and who, in the expressive phrase of the great Roman critic, *olim nominabitur.*

V. 166. See the chorus at the end of *Godwin*, a fragment by Rowley or Chatterton.

F

In

In vain I call—Ambition seems to say,
 “ Arise, the cloud-veil’d presence lights your way;
 “ Fear not, tho’ hostile tempests idly rave,
 “ The potent rod divides the blushing wave: 170
 “ Pass on, great champion of your country’s cause,
 “ Prop of her church, and bulwark of her laws!
 “ Lo Marah streams nectareous o’er the plain,
 “ And all around heav’n’s dulcet dew-drops rain:
 “ With bold, intrepid strides pursue your plan, 175
 “ And dare do all that may become *my* man!”

Thus erst the wily Florentine essay’d,
 Whose glowing pen the tyrant Prince portray’d;
 With spirit-stirring eloquence to break
 The bands of peace, to bid Lorenzo wake 180
 The sleeping instruments of mortal war,
 And under semblance just spread desolation far.

V. 168. A paraphrase of the following passage in Machiavel;

“ Il mare si é aperto: una nube vi ha scorto il camino; la pietá ha versato l’acque;
 “ qui é piovuto la manna: ogni cosa é concorsa nella vostra grandezza; il rimanente
 “ dovete far voi.” MACHIAVELLI, *il Principe*, cap. 26.

V. 175. I would recommend to the Doctor’s serious consideration the ingenious note of one of Shakespeare’s most able commentators (Mr. Steevens) on the word *stride* in *Macbeth*—“ Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of *finding his way* about a house *in the dark*, must know that it is natural to take *large strides*, in order to feel before us *whether we have a safe footing or not.*”

JOHNSON and STEEVENS Edit. 1778, vol. 4. p. 498.

If strains like these should urge you to explore
 The waves that beat upon the world's high shore,
 Those dangerous paths a Wolsey trod before; 185
 Reflect how oft humility has thrown
 Her snow-white surplice o'er the heart's black gown.
 Should e'en kind Fortune to her suppliant yield,
 And grant that crozier which you burn to wield;
 Shou'd you, sublime in the prelatie chair, 190
 Forget in full-blown pride what once you were;
 Refuse to act great Lowth's or Porteous' part,
 And on the forefront of an honest heart
 With them, in sun-bright characters record
 UNSULLIED HOLINESS TO HEAV'N'S DREAD LORD— 195
 Yet condescend this worldly truth to know,
 And bind it high upon your mitred brow;

V. 184. Wolsey, put synonymously for any ambitious priest.

V. 191. The present deeply-learned and worthy Bishop of London, and the ingenious and exemplary Bishop of Chester, both in different degrees eminent for their professional learning as well as for extensive erudition in profane subjects. Prelates

Quales esse decet quos ardens purpura vestit.

—It much repairs me

To talk of these good Fathers.

SHAKESPEARE.

V. 194. "Thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD! and thou shalt put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre, upon the *forefront* of the mitre it shall be."

Exodus, ch. 28. v. 36 and 37.

—The

—The slippery path Ambition's sons prepare, still amidst
May lead to Lambeth, or—the K—g knows where.

V. 199. Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,

They furnish matter for the *tragic* muse. THOMSON'S Winter, v. 341.

By way of a word at parting with the Doctor, I would advise him so to regulate his conduct, as hereafter not to *furnish* matter even for the *comic* muse, which hitherto he has done most amply: though I have been the first to claim the chaplet which never before adorned the brow of any adventurer in the environs of Parnassus. For alas! an address in prose to a *great man*, except from the hand of a Junius, is but too frequently a *telum imbelles sine ictu*.—And now, my dear Doctor, be calm, be patient; let not these lines prompt you to act a *Volscentian** part, or ruffle the natural serenity of your philosophic disposition. Let me assure you with great truth, in the words of an author I trust you are well acquainted with, that “Motives very different from any apprehension of your resentment make it impossible you should ever know me. In truth you have some reason to hold yourself indebted to me. From the lessons I have given you, you may collect a profitable instruction for your future life.”

Disce, sed ira cadat naso rugosaque fanna—

For I really am not your enemy; but as a friend earnestly implore you, as you have tears, to let that instruction sink deeply in them; and my regard for you inclines me to hope that, considering your sacred profession, this Heroic Epistle and its accompaniments may “teach you prudence enough not to attract the public attention on a character, which (in political matters at least) will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation.”

JUNIUS'S Letters, vol. 1. p. 50. Woodfall's Edit. 1772.

Ne savi, magne Sacerdos,

Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

* *Savit atrox Volscent, nec teli conspicit usquam*

Auctorem, &c.

VIRG. ÆN. 9, 420, &c.

† V. Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers, v. 20.

F I N I S.